



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

of the capitalist who is said to perform a service by his management of the wealth which he supposedly risks in the initiation and "backing" of large enterprises. Concurrently, as leadership in the belligerent countries becomes more and more "vulgarized", there is a tendency to weakened faith in the special qualities of the leisure or governing class as other than ornamental. If this process goes far enough, the result will be revolutionary. "And it is quite within the possibilities of the case that the division of opinions on these matters might presently shift back to the old familiar ground of international hostilities; undertaken partly to put down civil disturbances in given countries, partly by the more archaic, or conservative, peoples to safeguard the institutions of the received law and order against inroads from the side of the iconoclastic ones."

Such are the results arrived at by a rigorous and realistic analysis of human desires and of the economic surroundings that condition them. The prospect is not cheering. After accepting Mr. Veblen's conclusions, the only reasonable conception one can form of the state of the world after the war is that of thoroughly disillusioned men glumly preparing to make the best of a life in which there will be, it would appear, little zest except in so far as the discredited "superstitions" pass over and in some sort survive. Is there not, one cannot help asking, an implied fallacy in all this? Is not Mr. Veblen a little like the plant-physiologist, who after exhaustive chemical analysis succeeds in explaining everything about the life of the plant, except that irrelevant and purely "decorative" result, the life itself? Is there not any discoverable leaven in human life that is capable of leavening the whole lump? Here in America we have been wont to suppose that our patriotism, however misdirected in some of its manifestations, contained germs of life that are capable of transforming the sentiment of patriotism. And are there not indications that such a transformation, through the operation of the leaven of "service", is already taking place in the desire for wealth? It seems permissible at least to hope that the human spirit may discover some better means toward well-being than a resigned pre-adaptation to the inexorable working of supposed economic and psychological "laws."

Yet, at lowest, Mr. Veblen's analysis is clarifying and his warnings are well-timed.

THE LIVING PRESENT. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1917.

"Without the help of the women, France could not have remained in the field six months." So Gertrude Atherton was informed by Madame Vérone, one of the leading lawyers and feminists of Paris. This statement will perhaps appear quite commonplace to the people of the year 2000 or even to those of 1950. Indeed, to Mrs. Atherton it seems scarcely remarkable even now. It is probable, she suggests, that the help of the women has been just as vital to France in every war in which that country has been engaged. But there is a difference. In this case the help has been given in quite untraditional ways—through organizations and administrative activities, through shifts of employment, through a very extraordinary individual initiative.

All this involves something that looks like a miraculous transformation of character, a complete upsetting of the time-honored system of use and wont. It is the adaptability of the women of 1917—even more than their heroism—that interests a detached observer; and Mrs. Atherton is notably detached. Her accounts of notable persons are interesting and gossipy, indeed, but just a bit perfunctory—certainly somewhat lacking in *impressione*. There is found more of a kind of feminine fervor in almost any man's account of let us say General Joffre or (until recently) the Grand Duke Nicholas, than in Mrs. Atherton's polite and matter-of-fact sketches of prominent French women workers. Is it possible that it was the women who invented journalistic fervor and the men who took it up and improved it—or spoiled it? However this may be, it is certain that Mrs. Atherton interests one most when she shows in striking fashion how the presumably spoiled favorites of French society have transformed themselves into the most efficient of war workers, and when she dwells upon "the stoicism as well as the unrivaled mental suppleness" of the women of the lower-middle and laboring classes. Quite fully, and with a power of exciting interest that arises equally from an absence of preconceptions and from an abundance of first-hand knowledge—scarcely at all, it would seem, from any propagandist mood—Mrs. Atherton tells the stories of the principal French women who are leaders in war work. There is Madame Balli, once an idle and pleasure-loving woman of the world, sometimes referred to as the most beautiful woman in France, who has taken up and developed into an *oeuvre* of the first magnitude the work of making "comfort packages" and distributing them among the soldiers. There is Mademoiselle Javal, whose work for the *éclopés*—men not injured seriously enough for a military hospital, yet not well enough to fight—has reached equal size and importance. There is Madame Pierre Goujon, who has led in the great work of helping impoverished women of all classes to self-support. There is Valentine Thompson, leading feminist, born leader, and inspirer of many noble enterprises. There is the Countess D'Haussonville, generally conceded to be the greatest lady in France and president of the first or noblesse division of the Red Cross. There is the Marquise D'Andigné, president of *Le Bien-Être du Blessé*, who was formerly Madeline Goddard of Providence, R. I. There are many others of great name, all doing splendid work.

What strikes one, is that all these women have "found themselves" in a way in which few men, outside of romance, ever really find themselves. Indeed, the fascination of the whole narrative or series of narratives is perhaps ultimately this: it suggests that women, by reason of their sensitiveness and their practicality, have a superior power of finding themselves—of adjusting themselves to necessity, that is, without sacrifice of conscience or individuality.

As interesting, and, in the same way, as significant, are the real-life sketches that Mrs. Atherton gives of the common women of France—the women who have stepped into their husbands' shoes, or who have discovered for themselves new occupations; the Amazons of the munitions factories, glowing with health and revelling in a new independence. Cases like these raise sociological questions, and lead the author into speculations concerning the future.

It cannot be said that Mrs. Atherton is quite successful in this latter kind of discussion. Her style, though vigorous and entertaining, as always, is extremely desultory for the purpose. Of some of the ideas she strikes out, one can say only that they show ability, not that they are inherently sound. The notion, for example, that there is among women an instinctive tendency toward a return to the primeval matriarchate, though none too seriously advanced, is yet advanced with more seriousness than it probably deserves. Inherently sound ideas are, however, not lacking Mrs. Atherton is, of course, quite right when she says that "suffrage is but a milestone in feminism, which may be described as the more or less concerted sweep of women from the backwaters into the broad central stream of life." When she tells us that the war may largely recruit the members of the "third sex" (the unmarried, self-supporting women) she doubtless makes a true prediction. But she is rightest when she affirms that "while no woman before she has reached the age of thirty-five or forty should compete with men in work . . . still every girl of every class, from the industrial straight up to the plutocratic, should be trained in some congenial vocation during her plastic years." For the woman of thirty-five or forty may have a new lease of life, and she frequently has to meet a new range of responsibilities. In this recommendation of Mrs. Atherton's, biologic fact and feminist justice seem to be fairly accorded.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR. By André Chevrillon. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1917.

Among the great crowd of war-books that bid for our attention nowadays, this book of M. Chevrillon's is well worthy of special consideration, not, indeed, because it sheds or pretends to shed any novel light upon the part that England has played in the war, nor upon her precise motives for entering it, but because it is that instructive and delightful thing an appreciation of the English spirit by an intellectual, well-informed, and sympathetic Frenchman. The classic example—Taine's *History of English Literature*—at once comes to mind for comparison. For better or worse—chiefly for better—M. Chevrillon is, of course, no such theorist as was Taine; but he has a very similar sensitiveness to national character and a like gift of selecting and developing the essential elements. In this there is something more than simple thesis-building or than unambitious description. It is a combination, so to speak, of trenchant analysis with artistic handling, of intellectual and moral honesty with the desire to please—a combination which few Anglo-Saxon writers seem able to make in anything like the right proportion. Like Taine, too, Mr. Chevrillon is perhaps a little prone to exaggerate. But to exaggerate only in the interests of clearness! If it is true, as Rudyard Kipling remarks, by way of a counterpoise to the high praise he bestows in the preface that he has written for the volume, that M. Chevrillon has possibly laid a little too much stress upon the moral and religious traits in the English character, it must be conceded that the sharp relief which the author has given to his cameo portrait of Britannia is necessary to the full appreciation of that portrait by an Englishman—or by an American. One might venture the further criticism that the impression is sometimes a